Volume LXII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908 Number 2

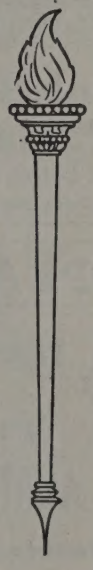
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THERE are worse misfortunes than broken bones; there are broken hearts —worse ills than diseased bodies; there are sonls that are sick—worse afflic= tions than pain—there are spirits in the agonies of death and in the fever of selfishness. The need of spiritual health is constant; it does help toward physical health. On this deep need of spiritual life rests the Church; by this abiding necessity for spiritual training is it created. Therefore the Church, in standing for "the care of souls" represents what is paramount and Perpetual in human life. Its min= istry is linked in widest benefaction to the whole circle of human welfare.—

From The Church of Today, by Joseph Henry Crooker.



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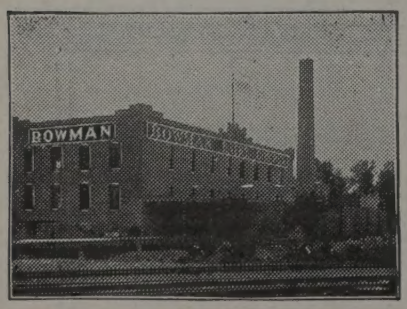

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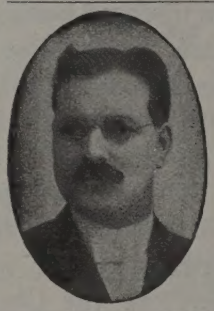

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII | THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908 | NUMBER 2

The true laborer is recompensed by his labor, not by his employer. Industry is its own wages. Let us not suffer our hands to lose one jot of their handiness by looking behind to a mean recompense, knowing that our true endeavor cannot be thwarted, nor we be cheated of our earnings unless by not earning them.
—Thoreau.

A recent number of the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald,* a local gossip paper, is issued as a Christian Science number. As a frontispiece Mrs. Eddy in her fur robes is seen addressing eight thousand of her members, and six of the seven Christian Science churches of Chicago are represented in effective pictures. We learn from this paper that Victor Hugo's poems, "The Trumpets of the Mind" and "Lions" are favorites of the Christian Science people, as is also Revere's picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den. But certainly Christian Science holds no monopoly of the masterpieces of poet or painter.

The summer school habit is touching our English cousins. There was a summer school session for Sunday School teachers held by the Unitarians of England at Oxford. Representatives of at least forty schools were in attendance. Miss Marion Pritchard, who seems to have been one of the directing spirits, gave the school as a closing motto Micah's high call,—"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!" As comment she said,—

"Angels may have wings to soar; men have feet and they can climb. They must walk, and walk together, helping one another, taking hands, so that if one stumbles the other will hold him up."

These things know no geographical limit. This sounds as good on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.

What the English people call a "van" we in America call a "wagon." The "Van Mission" is a new idea among the Unitarians, now perhaps in its third or fourth year. It is a wagon campaign in the interest of liberal ideas in religion. This wagon is a traveling pulpit, a tract-distributing agency. The English Unitarians have at least four of these churches on wheels at work this summer; one in the London district, one in the Midland, one in Scotland, and the other in South Wales. The latter was prevented by the authorities from occupying the desirable place in front of the town hall for open air meetings, though the "tariff reform wagon" was given the right of way a week later. At another point when the rain prevented the indoor gathering, the "Independent Labor Party" put their hall at the service of those traveling missionaries. Not in one but in many ways is the gospel of love and progress to be preached.

Bolton Hall, the tireless apostle of Henry George, is trying an interesting experiment at Berkeley Park, a suburban point near New York City. It is an attempt to put into practical effect the plan so persistently urged by Mr. Ferguson, of Kansas City, viz., an open university of the people which not only seeks to enlighten the people by word of mouth but to lighten their burden. As an initiative an elaborate program of lectures upon various topics related to social betterment is in process of delivery. Wise men will speak on various phases of science and reform. The courses most unique and surely among the most needed are those by Mrs. Richard Hovey on "The Making of Home," "The Arts of Social Life," and "The Fine Art of Dress," including talks on jewels, hair and hats. We beg our readers to take us seriously when we say we believe that such topics as these reach down into the most permanent problems of modern civilization. Society cannot advance much further until the primary quality of these topics is recognized. We do not know how or by whom these problems are to be solved, but we do know that they must be solved by conscience, and the economic and ethical phases of the question must be met as deliberately and religiously as are now the fashionable and conventional topics feared and respected.

Carmathen College in Wales, the college that for over a hundred years has yielded most of the Unitarian ministers that have worked for and enlarged the boundaries of what the "truly orthodox" have called the "black spot" of Wales, at its last commencement graduated seven applicants for the degree of "D. D.," at the hands of the University of Wales. A cousin of the father of the Senior Editor of UNITY directed the destiny of this school as President for a term of over forty years. Prof. G. Dawes Hicks, of the London University, closed his commencement address with the following words, in which the readers of UNITY will delight, and the stalwart independence of our fore-elders is justified:

"I believe the time is fast approaching when the sectarian names and party labels which serve to separate such communities of religious people from one another will be broken down, and when sincere and godlike men of varying opinions and of diverse beliefs will gather together, without let or hindrance, for worship and prayer and spiritual enlighten-

ment. I believe the time is fast approaching when men and women of the most diverse types of theological conviction will rejoice in each other's presence in the same church, and wonder at the folly which in former days kept their predecessors apart. And I trust the students who year by year leave this place to do their work in the world will contribute in no small measure to the bringing about of that happier state of things; that they, in their respective fields of labor, will be the pioneers of the spirit of Liberalism of which here in their college days they have learnt the meaning and the worth."

That is an incisive exposure of the weakness and limitations of the present high school which appears in the *World's Work* for September, from the pen of Prof. William McAndrew, a man who thoroughly knows whereof he speaks. The sub-title indicates his point of view and the remedy. It is an attempt to show "how college influences and the striving to produce the super-human have hurt secondary education." Mr. McAndrew looks at the youth's interest largely from the intellectual standpoint. The same process of reasoning can be applied largely to the social standing and standards of the high school. College, to the "favored of society," is getting to be largely a social function in which study and intellectual culture is an incident. And when the high school girl or boy would fain anticipate the jolly times of the college, their fraternities and sororities, their parties, and what to the immature boy and girl seems an intoxicating era of fun, they do it at their peril. They get their "fun," or think they do, but they miss something more valuable, that which would bring much higher joy than the merrymaking "functions," and that is the quiet, "the room and fire by themselves," which Emerson thought the best part of the college training, the joy of hard study, the satisfaction of hard problems mastered and bits of work well done.

The item entitled "Country Outings," in *Co-operation,* the official organ of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, to the eye looks like the most uninteresting of statistical columns, but to the heart that can read between the lines it is a delight. Its suggestiveness brings tears to the eyes and smiles to the lips, for it tells of 13,209 children who have for a few weeks been lifted out of the dulness and filth of the congested districts of Chicago and put down in country places where there is no sign or policeman to keep off the grass and no middleman to weaken the milk. This little army of children has been distributed through one hundred and fifty places situated within perhaps two hundred miles of Chicago. These one hundred and fifty places are here printed in alphabetical order, with the number of children left in each place. With these one hundred and fifty towns and villages the present writer is more or less intimately acquainted, and the number of children entertained is strangely independent of the population. For instance, Davenport, the thrifty metropolis of Iowa, makes room for thirty-six, while Marengo, Illinois, a name which but few of our readers will recognize, representing an obscure little railway station, found room for 165. Marengo leads the list. Beloit, famous for its churches and its colleges, found room for one child, while Watertown, noted for its foreign population and suspected of being unprogressive, had room for thirty-four. We will not further reproduce the list. Some thirty-seven out of 150 towns are limited to one child each. We know most of these towns and we know that there are more spare rooms in them than this one. We know also that some of these homes which have welcomed city children have received more than they have given, and more than one country child will wait eagerly for the return of another summer when the isolation of the farm will be broken in upon by the arrival of a royal playmate, a loving and beloved companion.

The Chautauquas

The Chautauqua season is drawing to a close. We are told that there have been something over forty Chautauquas held in the state of Illinois this summer. Nebraska boasts one for nearly every county in the state. It is not much of a town that has not at one time or another had a Chautauqua experience; and proud is the town that can boast of a continuing Chautauqua. Perhaps it may be true that a large number of the Chautauquas died in infancy; perhaps ten years is a long life for the majority of the attempts in this direction.

Furthermore, it is easy to discount the value of the Chautauquas. Their programs are necessarily disconnected and oftentimes more than necessarily touched with the frivolity, not to say superficiality, because the commercial pressure is great. The "gate fees" must be attended to. The temptation to please is great on the part of all those who would cater to the public, but the necessity of paying out is a still sterner master.

But after all discounting of the Chautauqua, it still remains an increasing factor in American life. It is an institution that deserves the high title of "People's College." It is the academy of the isolated and the busy.

The Chautauqua came in the "fulness of time." The world was not only ready for, but was in great need of something like this and, if we mistake not, it is here to stay.

Already its right to respect, its claim for a place in the confidence and the support of the cultured and the accomplished is a matter of yearly demonstration. High things are being said and sung by competent people to open minds by these gatherings.

The Chautauqua further represents a most ingenious device to combine leisure and rest with mental renewal and spiritual inspiration. It represents not only a poor people's resort, but also a playground for the thoughtful, the pure, and those who from ethical

superiority, not from financial or intellectual inferiority, avoid the dissipations and the absurdities of the conventional "summer resorts," where the habits of idleness and display threaten the women, the spirit of boisterousness and lawlessness demoralize the children, and something coarser touches the lives of many men. It is beautiful to see a tented city filled with hard-handed farmers and their care-worn wives who, for a few days even, escape the treadmill of toil and are permitted to get acquainted with one another and between times listen to those of whom they have read, and are soothed by orchestra, brass band, and more or less efficient soloist and concert troupes.

Such a sight as this gladdened the eyes of the present writer during this season, where a Nebraska community was surprised resting in the shade of the grove that bordered on a little lake in which children played and over which a steam launch plied. Both lake and grove were manufactured. Forest and lake were almost as much human products as the tents and the rostrum. It was a privilege to address an audience in this man-made grove on the pressing questions of the day. But the real message at that Nebraska Chautauqua was formulated away back in the early days of the naked territory of Nebraska when J. Sterling Morton, still Nebraska's greatest name, invented "Arbor Day," created tree-planting laws, and so effectively practiced what he preached that his example became contagious.

All this about Chautauquas in general comes from the writer's recent visit to a particular Chautauqua, Brother Douthit's Lithia Springs school under the trees, which has outlived its first critical decade and lacks but two years to complete its second decade. It has been a hard job to keep Lithia Springs alive for eighteen years. Its life is still embedded in anxieties, but it has been a still harder job to kill the Lithia Springs Assembly. Mistakes, bigotries, jealousies, rivalries, impecuniosities and animosities many have threatened the life of Lithia Springs, and anything possessing fewer elements of immortality would have gone by the board.

But Lithia Springs cannot be killed, because here by the strange weavings of providence three strong strands have been woven together into a rope that cannot be broken.

First of these is the matchless grove, the splendid oaks, walnuts, elms and maples, the picturesque hills and the springs themselves overflowing with healing waters.

The second is Jasper Douthit, the tireless missionary, the indomitable champion of ideas, the rugged "fanatic" who for over forty years has been foolhardy enough to stand out and to stand up for the unattained if not the unattainable, the man who for forty years has been making enemies in that portion of the State and still is perhaps the most respected, most loved man in the county.

Third, the Chautauqua need; people emerging out of poverty and rustic seclusion into plenty, leisure and the aptitude for cosmopolitan culture which goes with the rural delivery, the telephone and the trolley. These three elements guarantee a future to the Lithia Springs Assembly.

For the third time in successive years it has been the privilege of the Senior Editor of UNITY to be present at the closing exercises of this Chautauqua. Last Sunday closed the most successful session of the eighteen, as all testified, whether judged by the dignity or quality of the program, the number of well-behaved children receiving real training, the aggregate attendance, the gate fees, or the spirit of love and harmony.

More than any other Chautauqua in America, the mother Chautauqua not excepted, Lithia Springs has vindicated the cosmopolitan spirit, for it is managed by a Unitarian, made possible through Unitarian money, partially owned by the American Unitarian Association, still trusted and enjoyed and endorsed by the best citizens in three or more counties, the bulk of whom inevitably represent orthodox affiliations and anxieties. Mr. Backus, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, joined with Professor Wetzel of Yale, with his safe orthodox antecedents and environments, in conducting the program. The singing was in charge of Rev. Mr. Sundell, Secretary of a Congregational missionary body. A soloist sang confidently the refrain of "Christ is all, and all in all," while the preacher of the hour urged the claims of universal religion. And this was no mush of concession, no hampered or bridled tongue, but it was the higher courtesies, reaching after the true bond of fellowship which finds companionship in differences and not in uniformity. To agree to disagree in the common quest for the more ultimate truth further on is the highest harmony. And this and much more is realized increasingly at Lithia Springs. Lithia Springs is setting the pace for hundreds of other Chautauqua centers which are to become more and more, not only people's colleges, but also cathedral centers in the mediæval sense, when not only the united forces of the community but the combined resources of successive generations culminated in the great buildings and the hospitalities belonging thereto.

Helen Mourning For Hector

When Helen mourned for dauntless Hector, dead
  Beyond the walls of Troy, on that dark day,
  Her beauty all eclipsed and worn away
By flowing tears, because a friend had fled,
New luster on her beauteous brow was shed,
  New splendor crowned her, that through time shall stay;
  The shimmering hues that round her memory play
Like opal tints in sunlight, then were sped.
For there she stood a woman, tearful, sad,
  And in majestic accents mourned her friend.
  Behind her all her tragic loss and gain,
She saw but Priam desolate, and mad,
Saw Hecuba, whose wailing ne'er would end,
  And Helen saw, friendless through years of pain.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Democracy—The Apology For Patriotism

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE VILLAGE OF WINNETKA, ILLINOIS, JULY 4, 1908, BY WILLIAM KENT.

It is but commonplace to state that the strongest things in all the world are our intangible ideals, and that one of the most compelling of all these ideals is patriotism. Out of love for country men have everywhere and at all times pledged their lives, their liberties and their sacred honor, whether destined to win or lose.

But they have done the same in the name of loyalty to their king and their creed, whether or not the king or the creed were worthy of the sacrifice.

Unless we realize that such idealism has its roots in the social instinct we cannot in any way account for it.

We reverence and love the flag that floats over us, and still we do not hesitate to insult an emblem equally sacred to other men with whom we may be at variance.

We must realize that this social instinct began with the small group and jealously protected the right of that group to follow its course down the long aisles of evolution, whatever might be the result to other groups.

There has been so much cruelty and injustice displayed in the struggle of this patriotism that men have often hastily termed it a baseless superstition and have asserted that the world should be a man's country.

The patriotism of some groups has been destructive and baneful, that of other groups has worked for the welfare of the world, all in exactly the direct ratio of the recognition of the rights of other men.

Our Declaration of Independence shows the ideal with which we started out as a nation, and we need fear no analysis of the grounds for our loyalty. And yet how vague is the terminology we use. We talk of love of our country. Is it love of the landscape which we burn and scar and disfigure? Is it love for land between boundaries which are subject to change?

Is it love for the fireside, the register or the steam radiator?

We love our country of which Harriman and Rockefeller are an inordinately large part, and yet our affection for those individuals is not intense.

As to how we may properly serve our country is also subject to question. The Roman ideal was to enlarge its boundaries. There was then no conception of the crime of highway robbery on a national scale to dampen the ardor with which the Roman citizen became spitted on a lance or hewn with an axe. Must we stir up a war in order to show our patriotism, or is it enough to run for office?

As I hinted before, patriotism is a social instinct, working perhaps blindly and mistakenly for the preservation and advancement of a group, and therefore that attitude and that course of action that tends toward the betterment of that group best minister to its demands.

It is utterly impossible to cast into any fixed mold such high and abstruse ideals. No philosopher has ever been great enough to bind in hoops the expanding life of the race. But into our country from its foundation there entered the magnificent conception of democracy as a reason and a justification for our being a nation. This idea is the summit of social evolution toward which the patriotism of the past has been tending. Democracy in the last analysis is the only philosophical basis for patriotism and self-sacrifice.

Looking back to the ancient days, the world would seem to us to have been a roomy place, where groups and nations could have worked out their destinies without killing each other. But it never was roomy enough for human animals that were at once social and pugnacious, and so patriotic traditions come down to us acrid with the smell of powder and punctuated by explosions. However much the idea of war may be abhorrent to our reason, however much we feel the iniquity of men killing and being killed, we know that this passing phase of human evolution has been a heritage from lower types and is something that could not be avoided. And in the midst of peace and amidst the ideals and hope of peace we pay our tribute of respect to those who gave their lives that our lives may be better.

There is a tremendous, a solemn dignity that enshrouds those who died for an ideal; whether they lie in the ocean without other monument than the waves, or whether buried in shallow trenches, the rotting wooden headboards soon forget their names. Indeed, there is a dignity that covers all the dead. It is the dignity of democracy. Just see this clearly, feel it away down deep, and your outlook upon the world will begin to clear up—this thought of democracy as the great goal toward which the world, through blood and tears, against reaction, aristocracy and privilege, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, has been struggling.

This goal, as I have called it, has never been defined so as to satisfy any large number of men. The sects and creeds that use its name are as many and divergent as those that have sought to define and to limit the ideal of God. It is as false to philosophy to say "lo here" or "lo there" is a complete scheme of men's mutual relations as it is to assert with assurance the names of the angels or the doings of the Almighty.

We do know this, that democracy is right, because while its activities affecting the individual are confined to that little space between the common lot of prenatal non-existence and the common grave, it has recognized that men are heirs to mundane life as well as to physical death, and that the life of every man should be sacred in the eyes of every other man, not only in its mere continuance and length, but in its breadth and depth, in its opportunities and its enjoyments.

And yet, in carrying out this conception of democracy to higher and higher planes, men have killed and have been killed and will yet do more of it, for thus are we climbing up from barbarism on a ladder, the laterals of which are firm and straight, but the rungs that we have to put in for ourselves are erratic and frequently break.

There have been brilliant civilizations in the centuries agone, but they were not for the average man. There have been splendid philosophies, but they touched the few and the people were fed on chaff. Democracy and Christianity, these are for the many, for all of us, and as we come to realize them the complex problems of this world become more capable of solution.

Perhaps we may well take up in concrete form some of the phases of our present-day struggle with ourselves in our own country, where democracy is justifying the cost of its purchase. In retrospect we must consider the problems of the past before we can understand the origin of our own present-day problems.

Our vast and beautiful country lay fallow to settlement, there was much of everything that nature could

provide, few could see the end of then existing conditions. The pioneer life called for courage and splendid individualism. The man who could chop out the clearing, who could drive out the heathen and the beast, he was the type that was called for, and he responded. He chopped and cleared and burned until from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi there was little forest left.

Followed the man of imagination and no less courage, who, foreseeing the future of the country, ruthless and insistent drove through the railroads. The world applauded this unhampered march. He was given subsidies and where he could he bought favors from Congress. His success was his excuse. Then cities were to be built and millions of farms must be improved and fenced, so we turned loose upon our pine lands men who did their task as the country permitted them to do, unrestrained and unrestricted.

Our coal, our oil, our water power, our land, all and everything, we gave to the man that would do things, let him do it as he would.

This mad individualism permeated all the business of the country. It reached our financial centers until freedom from even wholesome restraint became a fetich. In the riotous bounty of our resources were such rewards for individual enterprise, such chances in every line except the service of the State, that our best intelligence was turned toward a feverish rush for sudden wealth and all else was secondary.

This was not an exhibition of our inferiority as a people, nor because of a lack of patriotism, which we proved in four awful years of agony, but simply and solely because the pioneers headed us that way, with such an impetus that nothing but the Pacific ocean and the depletion of our resources could stop us.

We have been as heedless of human life as we have been of tree life, as the statistics of industrial slaughter would show.

The captain of industry, with his eye fixed on product, has often forgotten the object of industry—human welfare—until by the bitterness of industrial warfare he was taught the simple dictum, "There are others."

Times have changed and we must change, and it is good for us that we must. The individual must yield in greater measure to society and society will reward him by making him a better individual.

The hysterical cries of those who have long had their own way are the wails of spoiled children under a stern school master. Their talk of the sacred nature of unrestrained individualism makes us question where our forests have gone. The doctrine that enlightened selfishness is fit to rule the world is faced by the eroded and ruined fields handed down to our generation by those who prospered in theirs. When we hear how only by the unhampered power of private capital can public utilities be built and maintained, we remembered Yerkes of Chicago and Ryan of New York, their debauched cities and ruined investors. At present if we have money to invest we prefer to look to the so-called "socialistic" securites of our Chicago system rather than to trust to the unrestrained efforts of the prolific printing press, urged to undue exertion by these and other types of masterful individualism.

We are told that able men will not do their best except for great riches, and yet two high-salaried engineers have backed off from the Isthmus and the great work is being conducted by an army officer with small pay and a sense of duty. Would firemen be twice as brave if their salaries were doubled? How about school teachers?

The men who spend their time in resenting restraint and calling names fail to realize that they have been running "amuck." They do not know that if they had started out with any idea that "there are others," they would not now feel that they are being restrained.

They do not feel their liberties abridged because they cannot murder anyone they choose. Why should they be so grieved because they are no longer permitted to take everything they can reach? They talk of the law and the common law, forgetting that great sentence which forever declares the law to be but relative and tentative: "A man may not use his own property to the damage of another." The simple maxim, "Live and let live," carries with it the necessity of curbing those who ignore the latter clause.

It was not for a particular bit of territory that men of Virginia gave up their lives in the colony of New York, or that the men of Massachusetts fought at Lexington. It was for something they called the commonwealth.

The social instinct capable of realizing common property in something is the bond that holds us together.

First of all, our commonwealth implied government under the law, then a growth of privileges to be shared by all, in education and worship. Little by little as society becomes more conscious of itself and men became more conscious of society, the realm of common interest broadened and undreamed opportunity for amelioration and enjoyment sprang from coöperative endeavor.

What individualist would get excited against the parks and playgrounds of Chicago? They have a dignity far beyond any private donations of land that they derive from being purchased out of the people's taxes. And yet the taxpayer is restrained from refusing to pay for them. He is coerced into so doing for the public welfare.

The owner of a public hall may complain that it is unfair for the parks to provide free what was his source of income, but I doubt if he would get a hearing. It would be hard to find a more pointed example of paternalism, but who would change it?

With the applause of every disinterested person, President Roosevelt has reversed our forest policy and is mightily striving to awaken our people to the need of conserving for all the people of all the generations their property in the remaining stores of the minerals and the grass and the water power.

We have definitely turned our backs upon the pioneer policy of giving over everything to the individual; we are trying to save and to increase the stores of the commonwealth.

It is the same tendency that would regulate the railroads and control public utility corporations for the public good. All, all this is increasing the value of the commonwealth, and giving us a stronger reason for our patriotism and a stronger bond of union, a more definite sense of our duty to serve the republic and to see that the public business is well done.

For, as we come to think about it, most of the things precious to us are the things we hold in common, the thoughts we think together and the aspirations we share with others. A solitary spectator could hardly enjoy a baseball game. He would need the wild enthusiasm of the crowd to give him his money's worth.

Men who are willing to die for their country will usually be found yielding victims to the highwayman who requires their private wallets. A great common

disaster like the California earthquake makes brothers of men, while private good fortune often makes them envious and hostile. Thus works the social instinct.

It is not a matter of higher education, or of exclusive culture to realize that the "other fellow" is a social necessity and is really a part of ourselves. If we know him and understand him it is but natural to treat him well much as we would treat ourselves. The jungle law of claw and fang, this is an artificial brutality when applied to those whom we recognize as our neighbors.

The two tendencies that are at work to bring about a better day are, first, the broadening of the circle of those whom our sympathies reach, the increase in the number of our neighbors; and, second, the correlative increase in the things we hold in common, including oportunity.

"Equality of opportunity" does not mean anything more revolutionary than does that other formula, "Equal treatment before the law."

Because some men behave and keep out of trouble, while others commit crimes and are punished, we are not disposed to resent the action of our law. None but a sophomoric doctrinaire can for a moment believe that men could or should reap equal rewards for unequal services. If all start with a fair economic chance, that is all we can hope or ask, and that we have a right to ask and to hope.

At this time and before this audience I have not the effrontery to enter a detailed criticism of the law. A few reflections, however, may be of interest.

It has seemed to me that men often make a golden calf of the law as it is written and bow down to worship it, never realizing that it is but tentative and an unsure effort to provide justice between men. It must be flexible and subject to change with our changing conditions. It seems to me that those who most loudly clamor for the sanctity of vested rights in property are most frequently oblivious of those sacred vested rights outlined in our Declaration, the right of every man "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Would it not be well to ask the question, "Is the law respectable?" before we put such tremendous emphasis on the requirement that the "other fellow," always "the other fellow," should respect the law? Of course, supreme court judges can do no wrong, but when the California courts released Schmitz partly because the indictment failed to state that he had been mayor of San Francisco, it looks as though the law might be more foolish than some exhibitions of lawlessness. The law protected slavery and now justifies convict camps and child labor. If the law can work against society it must be amended to work for society, whatever traditions of its efficacy may have grown up from former times and different circumstances.

The restriction of artificial privilege, the husbanding of our common property for the common benefit and our ever-widening recognition of our neighbor, these are the symptoms that may well fill us with hope.

People are about the same as they have been. They will not change much in our time. We are no more patriotic than the Spartans, no wiser than the Athenians, nor better lawyers than the Romans. But more of us have a chance in the world, and we find the world is better for that more of us have a chance, and so without making any unprecedented display of virtue, but merely by a sensible recognition of things as they are, we can help the march of democracy through the advancing years.

Just give people rights and take away privileges and our problems are working toward solution.

Why should we worry over swollen fortunes, for they are ephemeral unless fortified by privilege. Unless one man by tariff or land tenure or franchise or monopoly or by some other unfair advantage holds the right to tax another, the rewards of service will always bear a reasonable ratio to the quality of service.

The day we are here to celebrate is the day when on the best territory in the world a nation was born. Democratic, and baptized in the creed of democracy, through the turbulent days of youth, with mistakes and suffering, it held true to its parentage. Its feet are set in the pathway and never has it been marching with surer tread than now.

Analyze, sift, weigh our patriotic impulses as we will, we find them justified above all other ideals, in that they are resulting in a greater measure of justice and better opportunities to the average man.

The prayer of Lincoln on the Gettysburg battlefield that we may so consecrate our lives that the sacrifice of those who died for us may not be wasted, is being answered in our struggle for equal opportunity. The cities, the states and the nation all are thinking of the commonwealth and the common welfare, and are crystallizing their thoughts into action and into law.

Interference with the individual will ever be needed for our progress, until the great sentiments of the Declaration become the basis of our thinking and until the altruism of our faith becomes more a part of us.

May we have many years of peace, so that in calmness we may realize that our patriotism should as much resent the privation of any man, woman or child of a fair opportunity in this world as it would resent the invasion of our territory by a foreign foe.

Unitarian Belief

We believe in God's Perfection, seen in all created things;
In his tender loving Spirit, whence our best affection springs;
In the laws through which he governs, true expression of his will;
And in which our lives abiding, we his purpose shall fulfill;
We believe in Christ our Brother, loftiest soul the world has known,
In his bosom, as in ours, God our Father finds his throne;
That his truth and his example stand as beacons evermore,
And by living as he taught us, we shall reach the heavenly shore.
We believe Religion's blessing is God's gift to every race;
That in every age true Prophets, Saviours, Teachers we may trace.
We believe God's revelation comes through all inspired souls,
May be read on Nature's pages—leaves' and blossoms' sacred rolls.
We believe in Truth and Freedom as man's privilege below,
As his guide the larger wisdom and diviner life to know.
We believe that True Salvation is to live the life divine,
And that Heaven is, now and ever, where true love and goodness shine;
That the Life is more than doctrine, How to Live than How to Die,
And that good deeds are the seedlets of the harvest fair on high.
That we build, while here, those mansions promised far beyond the skies,
And that Righteousness and Character are keys to heaven's prize.
We believe in Aspiration, as the truest, holiest prayer,
That communion with the Father lifts our hearts and soothes our care.
We believe in Life Immortal, since our souls from God have come,
That his love will still enfold us, in his blessed, peaceful home;
That we all shall meet together, one unbroken family,
And shall know and love each other, in that Land beyond the sea.

A. JUDSON RICH.

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THE PULPIT

Barnacles

A DISCOURSE GIVEN BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, AUGUST 16, 1908.

The great mystery of life very early confronts us, and the questions Whence? Why! and Whither are propounded by each of us. We ponder, speculate and imagine. As we advance in years we become more thoughtful and more eager to pierce the mystery of this invisible, intangible force we call LIFE; we draw analogy after analogy; never attaining, though ever seeking to comprehend this mystery. Today we picture life thus and so—tomorrow we draw another picture. Poets and prophets, preachers and teachers have given us their conceptions, and one of the most common similitudes is of life as an ocean voyage.

The limitless, relentless, quiet and raging ocean, with its deeps below deeps; its capacity for happiness and suffering; its myriad forms of life; its placid beauty and turbulent grandeur, and withal, its eternal restlessness and very UN-KNOWABLE-NESS so perfectly typify life, that it is not strange that the comparison is so common. Look at the quaintly beautiful picture of life as a sea-voyage drawn by Epictetus: "Even as in a sea-voyage, when the ship is brought to anchor, and you go out to fetch in water, you make a by-work of gathering a few roots and shells by the way, but have need ever to keep your mind fixed on the ship, and constantly to look round, lest at any time the master of the ship call, and you must, if he call, cast away all those things, lest you be treated like the sheep that are bound and thrown into the hold: So it is with human life also. And if there be given wife and children instead of shells and roots, nothing shall hinder us to take them. But if the master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, *and looking not behind.* And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the master should call and thou be not ready."

But it is Sidney Lanier's thought of life as pictured in his poem "Barnacles" around which our thoughts will center today.

"My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing.

"Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing."

And here we halt at that first great word—that word as unknowable as life itself, which IS the life itself—Soul. Max Müeller says: "The name of the immortal element (in man) was not given to man as a gratuitous gift. It had to be gained, like the name of God, in the sweat of his face. Before man could say that he believed his soul to be immortal, he had discovered that there WAS a soul in man. It required as great an effort to form such a word as ANIMA, breath, and to make it signify the infinite in man, as to form such a word as *diva,* BRIGHT, and to make it signify the infinite in nature."

To us the two words "body" and "soul" are so familiar that it seems almost childish to ask how man came at first to speak of body and soul. But what did he mean by *soul?* What do we ourselves mean by soul? Think of the many meanings contained in that word. Our soul may mean the living soul; it may mean the sentient soul; it may mean the seat of the passions, whether good or bad; it may mean the organ of thought; and lastly, the immortal element in man. The question we have to ask is not, how man arrived at a name for soul, but how he came for the first time to speak of something different from the body.

"The discovery of the soul, the first attempts at naming the soul, started everywhere from the simplest observations of material facts."

"We see that the way which led to the discovery of a soul was pointed out to man as clearly as was the way which led to the discovery of the gods. It was chiefly the breath, which almost visibly left the body at the time of death, that suggested the name of breath, and afterward the thought of something breathing, living, perceiving, willing, remembering, and thinking within us. The name came first, the name of the material breath. By dropping what seemed material even in this airy breath, there remained the first vague and airy concept of what we call soul. And the soul begins its voyage.

How like a ship's voyage is that of our soul. In each we have rules for building, loading and navigation, and for the treatment of all other craft we may pass or meet on our way: in each we have a captain and a pilot: in each the launching is usually under auspicious conditions, and each must encounter some rough sailing, some storms, light and heavy.

But alack and alas! the managers of the material ships obey so much better the rules of their being and doing than do those of the spiritual we have named soul—and the wrecks of the latter are so much more numerous than are those of the former.

Every part of the material ship is inspected daily; it is cleaned, oiled, and fed with the substance which furnishes its motive power, that it may properly perform its office. How thoroughly must the captain of each vessel, be it huge ocean liner or only a pleasure yacht, understand, and implicitly obey, the rules for navigating his craft, if he would safely reach the desired port. Frequent soundings and readings of the compass keep him in the right course, and he attempts only ONE day's journey at a time, with TODAY'S reckoning as to direction—"and looking not behind." So the sound vessel bravely breasts and firmly rides the great waves, and withstands all the known and unknown enemies to its progress for many, many trips, until one day the captain learns that his vessel is covered with barnacles. Sailing is impossible for the weight of the tiny, almost lifeless forms of nearly the lowest form of life.

The barnacle, while belonging to the general class of crustaceans, has several sub-classes and species, but at their *highest* do not seem to occupy a very exalted place in the economy of nature, and at their lowest—well, like some of the human species, we could easily spare them from *our* scheme of things. While in their unattached state, however, they DO make good food for fishes—and that is more than the lowest class of mankind do. And there are two species that are considered dainty edibles by the natives of Peru and Japan: but for the most part, Barnacles acquire their economic importance from the fact that

they become attached to ships and thus act as a drag upon their progress.

There *is* a class which so truly typifies mankind that I cannot refrain from referring to it, just in passing: That is the "Root barnacle," which affords a wonderful instance of degeneration: thus, in their younger stages they are free-swimming, and much like the young of others of this class (the entomostraca). They soon become attached, become a parasite, and gradually lose their eyes, legs and other organs until they have degenerated into a mere double-walled sac.

In like manner we so easily attach ourselves to the life and creed of some one else, taking our spiritual food at second hand. We become so attached to material things that we, too, become stationary; we lose our freedom of spirit, our vision of truth, our desire and ability for progress, and finally our individuality.

But to return to our poem-text: Our soul's voyage and that of a ship at sea are analogous—but with this difference: WE do not watch the compass as carefully as we should nor do we take as frequent soundings as the needs of our soul demand. *We* attempt to steer OUR course by the calculations of yesterday and too often we try to calculate so far beyond *today* that we come to a standstill in mid-ocean; and not until we have learned that only ONE *day's* reckoning and *that today* is required of us, or of benefit to us, will we keep in the desired course.

A ship that is not loaded in accordance with rules will not sail. We overload our soul's cargo and then try to steer our course by yesterday's reckoning—the theological beliefs that were acceptable in the childhood of the world and that represented at that time religion, but which *we* know is *not* religion in *today's* conception of the word. We must remember that for the progress of the soul,

> "New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth!
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth.
>
> * * *
>
> "Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
> Through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal
> With the Past's blood-rusted key."

There is another point of difference between the ship's voyage and our soul's: The captain of the vessel resists most valiently *all* that would impede his progress, and as far as man is able—he conquers all but the insidious little crustacean whose accumulated weight could sink his ship—and against which *he* is powerless. As soon as possible he runs for Dry Dock and frees his vessel of its incubus of parasitic life.

But *we,* if we WILL, CAN prevent the accumulation of barnacles that float in *our* soul's sea, but *we do not,* neither do we put ourselves in dry dock as soon as we discover our impedimenta. We supinely wait for them to *drop* off—forgetting that it takes WORK to remove a foreign element once its hold has become firmly fixed.

Like the physical barnacle, there are many classes, sub-classes and species of the spiritual crustacean; but today we can analyze only a few of the most insistent and dangerous ones as known through our own experience and observation. These spiritual barnacles I would classify as follows: Name of the general order—*Unprofitable Thinking*—the sub-orders of which are—Fear, Worry, Envy, Covetousness, Possessions, Pride, Exclusiveness, Pessimism, Selfishness, Self-conceit, Self-pity, General Unlovableness—and Joylessness, and in almost this order as named do they attach themselves to us. If these were all, 'twould be bad enough: but alas! each of these is again divided into species—almost ad infinitum.

Yes, every day adds a new thin layer of new thoughts, and these layers form the texture of our character. The materials come floating toward us, but the way in which they settle down depends much on the ebb and flow within us. We can do much to keep off foreign elements, and to attach and retain those which serve best in buoying up our souls.

Perhaps the parent one of these soul barnacles is the one first named—Fear. What do we fear? The opinions of our fellows, and thus grow conventional and root-bound in our habits of living and thinking. We fear innumerable ills in this world and the next until we have added the second one—Worry, with all its species, and so on down the list. If we would ward off this first barnacle with the weapons of knowledge and love, the race would be won. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Again let the poet instruct us:

> "Let there be many windows to your soul,
> That all the glory of the universe
> May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
> Of our poor creed can catch the radiant rays
> That shine from countless sources. Tear away
> The blinds of superstition; let the light
> Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
> And high as God.
>
> "Why should the spirit peer
> Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
> Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
> The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
> Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?
> Sweep up the débris of decaying faiths;
> Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
> And throw your soul wide open to the light
> Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
> To all the wordless music of the stars
> And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
> Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
> Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
> Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
> And all the forces of the firmament
> Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
> To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole."

But we let Fear and not Faith have its "perfect work," and so well does Fear work that soon we have added to our fate a collection of barnacles,—Worry and Envy, and the others in the long list, each with its benumbing weight on our souls till before we are aware, Exclusiveness has "worked us dole."

Now, exclusiveness—holding ourselves aloof from our fellows, is as foreign to our real natures as fear ought to be. Companionship, fellowship, brotherhood, is the law of our natures, as witness our folk songs, out chants and great choruses. It was this very need and law of our natures that called them into being. How utterly discordant and unlivable would the world be if only ONE voice songs were sung, and each of us sang a different one. Brotherhood could never be realized if such were the case. But we have learned to chant in unison. There is sound philosophy in the remark of one of our great teachers of today—"Some people gain their reputation for individuality simply by want of harmony—not blending with anything—characters as well as voices."

Pessimism would naturally follow exclusiveness, as would also the others I have named—Selfishness, Self-conceit, Self-pity, General Unlovableness and Joylessness. Just as truly as night follows day do these soul-weighting barnacles follow in each other's wake and "hinder us from sailing." Ward off any one, and our successful voyage is assured.

Self-pity is one of the most elusive, insidious and deceptive of all the barnacles which inhabit the soul's ocean. It blinds our eyes to our own faults and failures, and to others' successes; warps our ideas of life and truth, and exaggerates all the disciplinary blows of life. We regard ourselves as martyrs—and may the saints deliver me from intimate association with a self-made martyr! Of course they are unhappy and unlovable—and joyless.

What are the best weapons with which to ward off these barnacles? Work, service, cheerfulness. Some regular, definite work for each day with hands and head, for our own growth in character—perhaps the great "WHY" of our being. "East and West Life beckons. Nothing satisfies the soul but opportunity for nobler work and glimpses of illimitable fields." SERVICE to others, for the *sake of the doing*, regardless of any thought of, or hope for, reward, is a mighty weapon. This is the lesson taught in the lives of all who have helped mankind, and the one taught us in all the masterpieces of literature. Don't you recall the beautiful close of poor Kundry's life and her redemption through her loving services in the story of Parsifal? Love and Service will redeem any soul.

But perhaps the most powerful of all the "swords of the spirit" is daily and habitual cheerfulness, which being a magic sword will be subdivided or rather transmuted into service, happiness, character and love—love for God and our fellow man. "But," you exclaim, "we can't *always* be cheerful and happy. When our work is so uncongenial and hard, when friends disappoint or desert us; when poverty is our daily portion; when our loved ones are removed from us, and living sorrow worse than death hangs over us like a pall—can we be happy and cheerful then?" Yes, if we face it all in the right spirit: I know it is hard, and when the blow first comes we cry out that we *cannot* bear it, and *why* it is struck! But we sooner or later see that it *was* necessary, *was good* for *us*. But we *must* cultivate happiness—cheerfulness—the singing heart. Don't regard happiness and pleasure as synonomous terms, for they are not, although frequently misconstrued. Happiness is the possession of a contented mind, and cheerfulness is the main factor in its production. Solomon had learned much from his varied experiences when he said truly, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Instead of beginning our days with a mental picture of all that must be done therein—or we *think* must be—and beginning in frantic haste the tasks that we think WE should not have to perform; instead of sitting still, pitying ourselves for the sorrow that has come to us and saying, "None ever had to bear one as heavy as mine," suppose, instead, we begin by praising the Lord that we are able to move about AND WORK instead of having to sit in a wheel chair; and suppose, instead of groaning over it all, and crying out upon our affliction we thank him, cheerfully, for the refreshing cloud that he has mercifully cast over us and even *sing* our thanks. Miss Browning, you remember, has one of her characters say, in describing her austere maiden aunt: "She thanked God—and sighed—(some people always sigh when thanking God)"—could you have a better photograph of that woman?

Sing! It is truly remarkable how much better and easier we can perform our work—hard, uncongenial, physical labor, if we take to it a singing heart; and if you cannot possibly start a gay song, begin a hymn, even if it must be through tears. Presently, before you are aware of it, the song has revivified you; the rhythm has lightened your heart and the meter has quickened—and life again is worth living. There is a psychological truth in the line so familiar to us all, "Respect all such as sing when all alone." So shall we begin to form the habit of happiness.

We were meant for the melody of song and the joy and health and unity of singing. The very heart and circumference of the world is music and all creation moves rhythmically but man, and when he is a simple child or a loving man unincumbered by cares largely of his own making, he too sings and "lifts his soul by its wings."

But all too soon the song ebbs from his heart. You recall that when David was the simple shepherd lad he sang at his work, and was happy in any service. Unusually lovable and useful was he, and particularly happy that he could serve his king Saul. But there came a time when David did not sing—HIS time of kingship and luxury and self-indulgence and nameless sin that caused him such bitter "lamentation from within."

We yearn for riches and power and luxury, thinking "we shall THEN be supremely happy, and can "sing and listen to singing." But we do not.

We *must* sail and SING today, unencumbered by the *"shells."*

Roger Williams and Rhode Island

Roger Williams has been until recently one of the misunderstood characters of history. A man in advance of his age, he has suffered injustice, not only from contemporary chroniclers, but also from the unsympathetic strictures of later biographers. But justice is being done at last, albeit with tardy steps, and for him, as for Cromwell, there has been a reversal from condemnation to approval.

The comparison with Cromwell is indeed not undeserved. As Luther was the champion of the Protestant Reformation, and Cromwell of the Puritan Revolution, so Roger Williams, in his place and time, was the champion of religious toleration. The three chief epochs in the history of religious liberalism are represented by these three men. Let them all receive honorable mention at Boston. We are more familiar over here with Milton and Jeremy Taylor as apostles of conscience and tolerance. But in the very same year as Milton's famous "Areopagitica," appeared a less known plea from America, which no less fearlessly summed up the whole matter; and Roger Williams was its writer.

Roger Williams was an Englishman, and most probably born in London. He was the friend of Milton and of Sir Henry Vane, another fighter for freedom, and of Cromwell as well. Of his early life we know but little. He was a pensioner of Charterhouse and a graduate of Pembroke, studied law under the great Coke, gave it up subsequently for theology, took orders, and became a chaplain in Essex. But he soon found himself opposed to the liturgy and ceremonies of the church, and was forced to make his choice between acquiescence and conscience. "God knows what gains and preferments I have refused in Old England," he wrote afterwards, "to keep my soul undefiled, and not to act with a doubting conscience." "And truly it was as bitter as death to me when Bishop Laud pursued me out of this land." He had already become a marked man and a Puritan; England allowed him no freedom. So, like the Pilgrim Fathers who had fled over five years before, he elected to go to America in the hope of

finding a religious liberty denied him in his own country. A young man of six and twenty, he sailed away with his wife Mary on December 1, 1630, and arrived off Nantasket on February 5, after a stormy voyage of sixty-five days.

But his lines did not fall in pleasant places, and it was well that he could not foresee the dangers through which he would have to pass. The later Massachusetts colonists were very different, both in order and temper, from the Free Church Independents who founded the Church of the Pilgrims. Winthrop and Cotton had not renounced the English church, nor the right of the state to punish errors and penalize free speech. The Church of the Puritans claimed and used intolerantly both ecclesiastical and civil authority. It was not a state-church only, but a church-state, a theocracy. When, therefore, the ardent and impetuous young divine received an invitation to succeed John Wilson at Boston he promptly declined on the double ground that it was an unseparated church, and also claimed too much interference with conscience. For this he was denounced as contentious, and guilty of raising dissensions. But he was conscientiously contentious and could not do otherwise; freedom of conscience and speech were unheard-of claims.

He became for a short time "teacher" at Salem, but on the General Court at Boston remonstrating, he removed to the freer religious life of Plymouth and spent two years as assistant to Pastor Ralph Smith. Then he was called back again by the Salem congregation, who had caught his love of freedom, and who ignored the mandate of the Boston court who sought to annul his appointment. But Williams was summoned before the magistrates on the charge of maintaining dangerous opinions, the chief one being his contention that the civil power had no jurisdiction over conscience, and he was ordered to depart out of Massachusetts within six weeks. A sloop was even sent to Salem with orders to the captain to arrest him and ship him back to England. But when the officers reached the house, he had been gone three days. Secretly, and in haste, he fled into the wilderness to escape arrest, leaving behind his wife and children, until he could find them a home. The story of his wanderings must be given in his own words:

"When I was unkindly and unchristianly, as I believe, driven from my house and land and wife and children, in midst of a New England winter, that ever honored Governor Winthrop privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narragansett Bay and Indians. I took his prudent motion as a hint and voice from God, and, waiving all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course from Salem unto these parts, wherein I may say *Peniel*, that is, I have seen the face of God. . . . which in this respect and many other providences of the Most Holy and Only Wise, I called Providence. I was sorely tossed for one fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean."

He probably spent these fourteen weeks in coasting from place to place and holding intercourse with the Indian tribes. Ultimately, with four companions, he found a spot beyond the jurisdiction of both the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, and upon the sloping hill side began the first settlement of Rhode Island. To this place, in gratitude for God's merciful providence to him in his distress, he gave the name of *Providence*.

During his two years with the Plymouth church he had fraternized with the Indians and learned their language. "My soul's desire was to do the natives good," he explained, but the knowledge and friendship he thus gained was to save and defend Rhode Island. Having maintained that the land belonged to the native, despite any king's patent, he proceeded to purchase from their chiefs so much as he wished, and they, "in consideration of the many kindnesses and services he, Williams, hath continually done for us," gave him other lands without charge. These he divided with his associates in equal shares, although, like Penn, he might have kept them as his own. In the deed of confirmation he thus plainly expressed his intention. "I desired it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." His wife and children now left Salem to join him. During the next few years numbers of religious refugees from Old and New England fled for shelter to Rhode Island, among them Anne Hutchinson and her "Opinionists," and all found from Roger Williams not merely tolerance, but entire freedom of conscience.

To Roger Williams belongs the praise, not only of advocating a principle in advance, but of fearlessly putting its successive applications into practice. Starting with the purpose of toleration for difference of religious opinion, he passed on to the aim of taking brotherly treatment to the heathen Indian, then enlarged his purpose again to the founding of "a shelter for his distressed countrymen," and at last, ere many more years had passed, into the holy object of setting up "a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, . . . with full liberty in religious concernments."

Moreover, he was soon to earn the blessing of the persecuted by blessing his very persecutors. One of the hostile Indian tribes had attacked some Massachusetts traders, been guilty of murders, and now attempted to form a league with other tribes and so drive out, or exterminate, the English. In fright at this dreaded prospect, the magistrates begged the banished Roger Williams to mediate with the hostile Indians. He complied at once, started upon this hazardous task, and with such success that he not only prevented the league of offense, but secured a league of peace in its place. Referring to this dangerous enterprise he modestly says:

"The Lord helped me immediately to put my life in my hand, and scarce acquainting my wife, to ship myself alone in a poor canoe, and to cut through a stormy wind with great seas, every minute in hazard of my life, to the Sachem's house. Three days and nights my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequod ambassadors, whose hands and arms, methought, reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat. God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break to pieces the Pequod's negotiation and design; and to make and finish, by many travels and changes, the English league with the Narragansetts and Mohegans." If he had done nothing else but this he would have been entitled to the lasting gratitude of New England; and he overcame evil with good. Yet, despite such anxiety, and the constant responsibility of the colony, he was all the time working laboriously to support his wife and family; he earned his own livelihood. "Time was spent day and night, at home and abroad, on land and water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread." Further immigrations from the intolerance of Massachusetts made it necessary to confirm the civil compact made between the original settlers. There was no giving way, but the same definite provisions concerning liberty of conscience. "We agree, as formerly

hath been the liberties of the town (Providence), so still to hold forth liberty of conscience." And again: "It is ordered that the law of the last court made concerning liberty of conscience in point of doctrine be perpetuated."

Thus, by degrees, the little settlement of refugees grew into an organized community of importance. But it was not yet to be a recognized colony. On the formation of the confederacy of "The United Colonies of New England" in 1643, Rhode Island was excluded on the alleged ground of having no charter. As they had, therefore, no title to their lands beyond that obtained from the natives, and as there was still danger of encroachments from Massachusetts, Roger Williams went to England to procure a charter. The time was favorable for him. The king had fled from London, and Laud was in the Tower. Cromwell and Vane were pleading for toleration in the Long Parliament debates on religion, and, probably through their influential aid, the charter was granted. Milton, Baxter and Owen also had intercourse with him; episcopacy was at a discount, and independency in the ascendant. "I regard," says Masson, "the arrival of Roger Williams into England as the importation into England of the very quintessence or last distillation of that notion of church independency which England had originated, but Holland and America had worked out." But the principles of Roger Williams were more comprehensive than those of the Independents, and, moreover, had proved themselves in practice.

Six years later he had again to come to England, as there was danger of the charter being undermined. After a stay of two years and a half he returned with his mission accomplished, and in time to avert again a threatened Indian war. He is made president of the united colony, urges a pacific Indian policy, refuses to persecute the Quakers who were cruelly treated in the other colonies, secures a new charter from Charles II., remarkable for both its civil and religious guarantees, adopts the constitution of the United States, then passes on the governorship to Benedict Arnold, and takes a minor part in public affairs.

One of his last acts was characteristic of all the rest. The town of Providence having proposed to divide up the common lands among the inhabitants, he pleaded with them to leave these lands common for future settlers who might be driven or come unto them to partake of their freedom, "for all experience tells us that public peace and love is better than abundance of corn and cattle. I have only one motion and petition, which I earnestly pray the town to lay to heart, as ever they look for a blessing from God on the town, on your families, your corn and cattle, and your children after you. It is this, that after you have got over the black brook of some soul bondage yourselves, you tear not down the bridge after you, by leaving no small pittance for distressed souls that may come after you." He gave away his own lands and other estate to persons in want, and caring nought for material interest, passed away in poverty.

Roger Williams was buried in a spot which he had selected close by the place where he landed first in Providence forty-seven years before his decease. But his works do follow him. Although not recognized by his contemporaries for his full greatness even in his own Providence, and albeit a prophet without honor elsewhere, later ages are doing him justice at last. All great reformers make diverse impressions, and deserve lenient extenuations. Savonarola, Luther, Cromwell, for example; we pay homage to them all, yet how variant, how opposite, has been the verdict. But the perspective of distance has been favorable in each case, and so will it be with Roger Williams. A Free Conscience, a Free Church, a Free State—for these he stood against the world, and these, under God, he secured. He suffered, but he conquered, because he was a man of supreme faith and courage, a man of ideals and principles, a humanitarian of great heart and merciful spirit, a fearless reformer for God and the right. And thus, though he did not see the result from the start, or contemplate the end from the beginning, the way opened out wider and wider until he became a great pioneer and founder. Rhode Island is his monument for evermore. Such heroes and saints stir our faltering wills to follow humbly in their steps. Under the spell of their example we take up our task afresh, our mission, in our time.

"We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

F. K. F.—*From The Inquirer, London.*

The Death-Song of the Hemlock

Ye say I am old—I am old; and ye threaten to hew me down,
Lest the roof of your puny dwelling should be crushed by my heavy crown;
Ye measure my spreading branches, ye mock me with idle fears!
Ye pygmies that creep at my foot-stool, what know ye of age, or years?

I reckon ye all as shadows! Ye are but as clouds that pass
Over the face of the mountains and over the meadow-grass;
Your generations are phantoms; like wraiths they come and go,
Leaving no trace behind them in the paths they used to know!

But I! For six hundred rolling years I have stood like a watch-tower, I!
I have counted the slow procession of centuries circling by!
I have looked at the sun unblenching; I have numbered the midnight stars;
Nor quailed when the fiery serpent leaped from its cloudy bars!

Or ever ye were a nation, or your commonwealth was born,
I stood on this breezy hilltop, fronting the hills of morn,
In the strength of my prime uplifting my head above meaner things,
Till only the strong winds reached it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

It was mine to know when the white man ventured the unknown seas,
And silence fled before him, and the forest mysteries;
I saw his towers and steeples that pierced the unfathomed sky,
And his domes that darkened the heavens—but above them all soared I!

He builded his towns and cities, and his mansions fine and fair,
And slowly his fertile meadows grew wide in the tranquil air;
He stretched his iron pathways from the mountains to the sea,
But little cared I for his handiwork! 'Twas the one great God made me!

The Earth and the Sun and the mighty Winds, and the great God over all,
These bade me stand like a sentinel on the hilltop grand and tall.
Know ye that a hundred years ago men called me old and worn?
Yet here I tower above their graves, and laugh them all to scorn!

For what are threescore years and ten, ye creatures of a day?
Ye are to me like the flying motes that in the sunshine play!
Shall I tremble because ye threaten and whisper that I am old?
I will die of my own free, lordly will, ere the year has shed its gold!

But till then, as I stand or ever the land of your love was born,
I will stand erect on my hilltop, fronting the hills of morn,
In the pride of mine age uplifting my head above meaner things,
Till only the strong winds reach it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—I learned to look more upon the bright side of my condition and less upon the dark side, and to consider what I enjoyed rather than what I wanted.

MON.—All the good things of this world are no further good to us than they are for our use.

TUES.—All our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.

WED.—We find the burden of anxiety greater, by much, than the evil which we are anxious about.

THURS.—A temper of peace, thankfulness, love and affection is much the more proper frame for prayer than that of terror and discomposure.

FRI.—Abused prosperity is oftentimes made the very means of our greatest adversity.

SAT.—We may always find something to set in the description of good and evil on the credit side of the account.

—*Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe.*

The Mirror of Life

From rustic bridge o'er the woodland pool
I leaned and I saw the drifting leaves—
Swept by the current's wandering flow,
Blown by a breeze from the skirting trees;
And I said, "So shallow the little pond
That the brook must dry in the wood beyond."

The child looked down from the arching span,
And rapt with peace was her dreamy face;
She said, "I can see where fairies live
'Way under there in the water space,
Where the trees grow down and their leaves wave high
The pool is as deep as the far-off sky."

Edith Livingston Smith.

Examples of Caeser's Greatness

How little account Cæsar made of his diet this example doth prove it. Cæsar, supping one night in Milan with his friend Valerius Leo, there was served sperage (asparagus) to his board, and oil of perfume put into it instead of sellet-oil (salad oil). He simply eat it, and found no fault, blaming his friends that were offended, and told them that it had been enough for them to have abstained to eat of that they misliked, and not to shame their friend, and how that he lacked good manners that found fault with his friend. Another time, as he traveled through the country, he was driven by foul weather on the sudden to take a poor man's cottage, that had but one little cabin in it, and that was so narrow that one man could but scarce lie in it. Then he said to his friends that were about him: Greatest rooms are meetest for greatest persons, and the most necessary rooms for the sickest persons." And thereupon he called Oppius that was sick to lie there all night: and he himself, with the rest of his friends, lay without doors, under the easing (eaves) of the house.

The ordinance of the calendar, and reformation of the year, to take away all confusion of time, being exactly calculated by the mathematicians and brought to perfection, was a great commodity unto all men. For the Romans, using then the ancient computation of the year, had not only such uncertainty and alteration of the months and times, that the sacrifices and yearly feasts came, by little and little, to seasons contrary for the purpose they were ordained: but also, in the revolution of the sun (which is called Annus Solaris) no other nation agreed with them in account; and of the Romans themselves, only the priests understood it. And therefore when they listed, they suddenly (no man being able to control them) did thrust in a month above their ordinary number, which they called in old time *Mercedonius.* Some say that Numa Pompilius was the first that devised this way, to put a month between: but it was a weak remedy, and did little help the correction of the errors that were made in the account of the year, to frame them to perfection. But Cæsar, committing this matter unto the philosophers and best expert mathematicians at that time, did set forth an excellent and perfect calendar, more exactly calculated than any other that was before; the which the Romans do use until this present day, and do nothing err as others in the difference of time.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

Breathing Fruit

Parts of plants that have been cut from the main stem do not die at once, but retain life and continue to breathe for quite a while. This is true of flowers as well as of fruits. Some live much longer than others, and an apple, after being picked, will breathe for many weeks.

Breathing, in plants or animals, causes destruction of matter in their cells. Under ordinary conditions this loss is made good by food supplied in one way or another. But fruit that has been picked is undergoing a process of progressive starvation. It still breathes, with nothing to compensate for the loss. Consequently, it steadily diminishes in weight.

An apple will keep longer if its respiration is made slower. This is accomplished by putting it into cold storage—whence the effectiveness of that method of preserving fruit. The fruit breathes from four to six times as fast out of cold storage as in it.

The loss of weight shown by apples in cold storage is not due, as used to be supposed, to the mere drying out of the water they contain. If that were so the proportion of water to dry matter in the fruit would become progressively less. But the fact is that the proportions of water and dry matter remain approximately the same.

Fruit breathes much more rapidly when warmer and more slowly when cooler. In a cool cellar, for this reason, it keeps more than twice as long as in an ordinary room, though only half as long as in cold storage.

The breathing of an apple may be observed at leisure by putting it into a glass jar, shut tight. In a few hours a dewy film will cover the inner surface, and in time the moisture will collect in drops and trickle to the bottom. Open the jar, pour in a little clear lime-water (without touching the fruit) and it will turn milky, just as would happen if an animal's breath were forced through it.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

What They Would Do

"When Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, was a little chap," said a gentleman recently, "I went to school with him. One day before school closed for the Christmas holidays we expected a visit from a certain director. This director always questioned the children about one thing—namely, what they'd do in case of fire. So the teacher coached us all the morning before he came, preparing us finely on the course to be taken if fire should break out.

"Well, sure enough, the director called, but when he got up to address us he said: 'It is good to be here at this jolly Christmas season among so many rosy, smiling young faces. You are a very bright looking lot of children and I wonder what you would do now if I were to make you a little speech on the best way to celebrate Christmas.'

"Quick as a flash young Van Dyke piped out: 'Form in single file and march out quickly.'"—*From the Christian Messenger.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

The necklace weighs 865 grains and consists of 40 large round pearls of nearly *equal size*, besides the pearl forming the clasp. It is a beautiful specimen of that kind of jewelry. Yet it is not quite perfect either; that is to say, that the pearls come from three different sources: the Indian ocean, the Mexican gulf and the Bosphorus, a fact that affects the tints (what we call *"l'orient de la perle"*); some are beautiful, others, the Mexican ones, are slightly greenish and inferior in value, and not quite round. But on the whole it is a beautiful necklace, which has necessitated many years of searching for sorting the size.

As to the price, of course I should like to find a purchaser willing to pay the sum stipulated at St. Petersburgh; if necessary, though, I shall make a slight reduction. All due guarantee will be given to the buyer, who can see the necklace here in Geneva. If possible, I should prefer selling without the jeweller, as here they all ask a very high percentage, but, of course, if the purchaser wishes it, the pearls may again be valued by a well-known Swiss firm.

Perhaps I ought to add that the owner belongs to an historical family of Georgia; the name and all needed details will be given when the beautiful pearls leave my hands to adorn the happy new possessor.

Later our friend writes: As you know by the postcard I sent you, I spent a few weeks in London, running from jeweller to pearl broker, from influential friend to rich amateur, hoping always to sell my pearl necklace. If I were at all pessimistic, I should be quite disheartened by now, but I have learnt so many interesting things about pearls, have seen so much of the "inner soul of many merchants" (a psychological study), have met so many clever people, have seen so many charming homes, have spread far and wide the news that a valuable ornament is to be sold—that on the whole I feel I have not lost my time. I came back, then rushed off to Basel, where a good offer was made. Alas! the rich lady who wished to possess pearls of incomparable beauty finds mine not round enough. At the present moment, whilst I am scribbling away to many friends in America, a jeweller of Basel is trying to sell the pearls in Munich. Will he succeed?

M. E. H.

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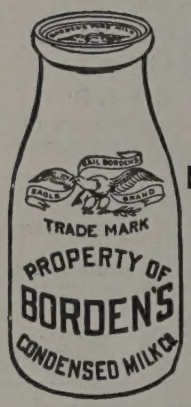

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